Now he weighes time euen to the lateſt graine,
Which you ſhall finde in your owne loſſes,
If we ſtay in *France*.

King. Well, for vs you ſhall returne our anſwer backe
To our brother of England.

Exit omnes.

Enter Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Nim. Before God heeres hot ſeruice.

Piſt. Tis hot indeed, blowes go and come,
Gods vaſſals drop and dye.

Nim, Tis honor, and there's the humor of it.

Boy. Would I were in London,
Ide giue all my honour for a pot of Ale.

Piſt. And I: if wiſhes would preuaile,
I would not ſtay, but thither would I hie.

Enter Flewellen, and beats them in.

Flew. Gods plud, vp to the breaches
You raſcals, will you not vp to the breaches?

Nim. Abate thy rage ſweete knight,
Abate thy rage.

Boy. Well, I would I were once from them;
They would haue me as familiar
With mens pockets, as their Gloues and their
Handkerchers, they will ſteale any thing.
Bardolfe ſtole a Lute-caſe, carried it three mile,
And ſold it for three halfepence.
Nim ſtole a fire-ſhouell,
I knew by that, they meant to carry coales:
Well, if they will not leaue me,
I meane to leaue them.

Exit Nim, Bardolfe, Piſtoll, and Boy.

Enter Gower.

Gower. Captaine *Flewellen*, you muſt come ſtrait
To the Mines, to the Duke of *Gloſter*.

Flew.